

# The Busy Bees

W I WISH you and yours all a Merry Christmas! Only a short time ago the Busy Bees had Thanksgiving stories to write. The days have slipped by so fast that next week they can write about the best time of the year, Christmas, which means a nice long vacation, visits with dear ones and lots of good things to eat.

If we should have a big snow there would be much to tell about where we have visited, and surely Santa Claus will visit us all before they write again. The greatest thing to remember about the day in the gift of giving, as we know some little folks are planning to do, and we urge those who have not thought of this to do it and tell us about it. We think a Busy Bee who can write a story of real love and gift-giving ought to get the next prize. What do you think about this?

Some of the children write real often, and such good stories, but if they do not see their stories in one week they will sometime soon. We like to make room, and are sure all do, for some who have written their very first story. We are looking for more Busy Bee pictures for the page of next week, so those who have them will please let us know and we will be glad to receive them.

Prizes this week are awarded to Lenore Pratt, first prize, and Helen Winkelman, second; honorable mention to Clarice Mann.

## Little Stories by Little Folk

(First Prize.)

Charlotte's Lesson.

By Lenore Pratt, Aged 10 Years, 202 Pacific Street, Omaha, Red Side. Charlotte was a very selfish child. She wanted everything she saw. One day she saw some very pretty furs. She said to her mother: "Mother, will you buy me those furs?" "I will, Charlotte," said her mother. "If you will fix up all your old dolls for the poor children." But Charlotte said: "I need them all myself." Her mother said nothing, but Charlotte got no furs.

That night she was very tired and so went to bed early. She thought she saw a fairy come in at the window. The fairy was dressed in gauzy white and said in a low silvery voice: "Charlotte, would you like to visit the home of Santa Claus?" Charlotte said: "That would be fine." So she placed her arms around the fairy's neck and away they went over the hills and rivers.

Soon they saw some little people who looked like dwarfs. Charlotte asked the fairy who they were and what they were doing. The fairy said they were Santa Claus' helpers. They went through many shops and Charlotte wanted many things. But the fairy said: "No, you cannot have anything because you would not give your old dolls away to the poor children who haven't got anything to play with."

Charlotte woke up crying, for she had learned a great lesson. I am a new Busy Bee and would like to join the Red Side.

(Second Prize.)

The Squirrels' Thanksgiving.

(A True Story.)

By Helen Winkelman, Aged 10 Years, 835 North Forty-Third Street, Omaha, Blue Side.

At last, the day had come when we were to start to grandma's for Thanksgiving, and I was very happy except for one troublesome thought. Who would give Mrs. Frik her Thanksgiving dinner? Of course she had the nuts and acorns, and there was the apple she had so carefully hidden in the crotch of a tree just the day before, and there was plenty of corn—but these were just common everyday things.

Of course she could be a "Pollyanna" squirrel and be glad that she had even corn, but how could I be glad at my Thanksgiving feast with her at home all alone and neglected, when she has been my friend for six years, coming to my window to visit me when I was sick and playing with me when I was well.

At last I thought of a plan. She loved black walnuts so that I thought it would be nice to crack a great pile of them, so many that perhaps they might last till I got back. I knew that I had to crack them, because she is so thrifty that even on Thanksgiving day she would work hard to bury them.

So I cracked for over an hour and felt well satisfied when a great heap of nuts lay in her box.

It was only a few minutes till I heard a great bustling and chattering going on at the back door, and one glance showed me what was happening. Mrs. Frik was having a party. She had gathered all the friends she could find on such short notice, and such a good time as they were having.

(Honorable Mention.)

By Clarice Mann, Aged 12 Years, Lyons, Neb., Red Side.

Dear Busy Bees: I have read your letters for a long time and I would like to join your happy circle. I will now tell you where I spent my Thanksgiving. I stayed at home all day, but I had a very nice time. My sister came home and she brought her little baby. His name is Laurence. I think he is very cute. He lives at Rosalia, Neb.

Grandma Moose's Thanksgiving.

By Viola Popeshill, Aged 14 Years, Neb., Oak View Ranch, Blue Side.

A group of boys and girls were gathered under a bunch of cedar trees on one of the streets in a country village. It was two days before Thanksgiving and they were talking excitedly about it.

"We're going to have a big turkey, pumpkin pies, cranberry sauce, celery and Oh! a whole lot of other goodies," said Millie Hawks.

"We are not going to have a turkey, but a nice big goose," said Charlotte Henderson.

"Oh, that's all right, what we are going to have for a dinner, but what can we do for some fun? Playing games isn't much fun. Couldn't we play a joke on somebody?" asked Fred Lawson.

"That would be just the thing! But, who will we play the joke on? Charlie Spriggs. Oh, I know, Grandma Moose!" said Emma Payton.

"Oh, yes, Grandma Moose," cried the boys and girls.

There were two children, however, who did not join in the "joke." These two were Verna and Robert Preston. They were about to disperse when Dick Graham chanced to see an old, bent and feeble woman hobbling along the road.

"If there isn't Grandma Moose," ejaculated Dick.

They all looked that way and saw that it was Grandma Moose coming along the road. Just as she came in front of the cedar trees, she tripped and fell to the ground. Most of the boys and girls started to laugh, but Verna and Robert ran out to the road and helped the old lady up. She thanked them and went on her way.

The next day the boys and girls gathered under the cedar trees again. Their topic of conversation was about Thanksgiving and they were laughing at the "joke" that was to be prepared for Grandma Moose.

"That will be fun to watch Grandma Moose when she comes out doors," said Fred. "Well fix."

"Hold on," interrupted Robert. "Verna and I talked this over last night and it does not exactly please us. Wouldn't it be lots nicer if we would give Grandma Moose a surprise? If you still think you would like to play the joke on her, Verna and I will not be in it."

But they all thought it would be nicer to have a surprise than a joke, so they all started for home with happy faces because they knew how Grandma Moose would appreciate a nice surprise. Verna and Robert were well pleased with the turn affairs had taken.

### RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages.
2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.
3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.
4. Original stories or letters only will be used.
5. Write your name, age and address at the top of the first page. First and second prizes of books will be given for the best two contributions to this page each week. Address all communications to CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT, Omaha Bee, Omaha, Neb.

ated under the cedar trees again. Their topic of conversation was about Thanksgiving and they were laughing at the "joke" that was to be prepared for Grandma Moose.

"That will be fun to watch Grandma Moose when she comes out doors," said Fred. "Well fix."

"Hold on," interrupted Robert. "Verna and I talked this over last night and it does not exactly please us. Wouldn't it be lots nicer if we would give Grandma Moose a surprise? If you still think you would like to play the joke on her, Verna and I will not be in it."

But they all thought it would be nicer to have a surprise than a joke, so they all started for home with happy faces because they knew how Grandma Moose would appreciate a nice surprise. Verna and Robert were well pleased with the turn affairs had taken.

This old woman was known as "Grandma Moose" by all the people in the village, although she was of no relation. She lived in an old house about half a mile out of the village. Every morning she would go to the village to see if she could not possibly find some work. Nearly every noon she came home discouraged. She was away all forenoon.

On Thanksgiving morning she was just ready to go out, then she stopped. "Well, if today isn't Thanksgiving, and I haven't got anything to eat. Well! Well! Wonder if I'll get some work today?" Then she went out.

All that forenoon mysterious objects could be seen flying in and around the house. At 11 o'clock they were seen speeding along the road toward the village. At the bunch of cedar trees they stopped.

"Whoop!" yelled Dick, throwing his cap into the air. "I believe it will be worth our trouble. Verna and Robert will make good spies, so we will know all about it soon. Here comes Granny now, so let's conceal ourselves."

So they all found a hiding place where they could see her when she came by and they were surprised to see a smile on her wrinkled face. After she had passed by, Fred said, "Wonder what made her look so happy?"

"Perhaps she found a good deal of work," said Charlotte, with a merry twinkle in her eye, for she had instructed her mother to have all the women give Grandma Moose some work.

Grandma Moose was so happy because she had so much work that she did not notice the appearance of the yard in front of the house. She opened the door and stopped short. The room was clean and neat, a bright fire was burning in the stove and on the table were piled all nice things to eat which would last Grandma a long time. Then she remembered the yard had looked different and she turned around and to her surprise saw a large pile of wood and the yard was cleared of all the rubbish. She did not know that two pair of eyes were watching her every move. These two pair of eyes belonged to Verna and Robert.

who had stayed behind to see how delighted Grandma would be.

As Grandma ate some of the good things that were spread out on the table she said to herself, "Now I wonder who could have been so kind and thoughtful of me." Then she gave a start. "Maybe it was the little boy and girl that helped

me up the other morning. I believe that's who it was. Anyway they will have a surprise some day, too."

An Old Lady.

By Ella Smith, Aged 12 Years, R. F. D. 2, Box 9, Pender, Neb., Red Side.

Once there lived an old lady in a green house on the hill. She was very kind, but also very poor. She lived all alone and planted many kinds of flowers around it because she loved them. She kept chickens to help earn her living.

No one seemed to care much for her, but one little girl named Helen. Helen stopped to see the old lady every day when coming home from school. She always gave her nice things. Once when Helen was going to school she saw the old lady carrying a basket of wood. It was very heavy, so Helen helped her. It was almost Christmas time and the old lady wanted to give Helen something for her kindness, but she had nothing. The day before Christmas as the old lady, whose name was Mrs. Greene, was going to market with her basket of eggs, she found a little sparrow. She picked it up and gave it to Helen for Christmas. Helen was very glad and gave Mrs. Greene many beautiful and useful things for Christmas. Some of Helen's friends asked why she gave Mrs. Greene the things. She said:

"To do to others as you would that they should do to you." Mrs. Greene gained many friends by the proverb.

Letter from Busy Bee Queen.

My Dear Busy Bees—I am very sorry that some of the newer Busy Bees do not understand that the stories must be original.

We most of us have read the stories in different books and papers, and I am sure no one wants to tell us a story that we have already heard or read, but they do want to tell us one that they themselves have written, and we like to read them. I hope that all the newer writers and all the others that did not know that the stories must be original will now understand, and that there will be no more stories sent in that are not original.

Next Thursday will be Christmas and

THE MAN WHO KNEW SANTA CLAUS BEST



### VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS

'Twas the night before Christmas when all through the house Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse: The stockings were hung by the chimney with care, In hopes that Saint Nicholas soon would be there. The children were nestled all snug in their beds, While visions of sugarplums danced through their heads; And Mama in her kerchief and I in my cap Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap: When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter, I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter. Away to the window I flew like a flash, Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash. The moon on the breast of the new fallen snow Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below, When what to my wondering eyes should appear, But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer, With a little old driver so lively and quick I knew in a moment it must be Saint Nick. More rapid than eagles his coursers they came, And he whistled and shouted and called them by name: "Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer! and Vixen! On, Comet! on, Comet! on Dunder and Blitzen! To the top of the porch! To the top of the wall! Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!" As dry leaves before the wild hurricane fly, When they meet with an obstacle mount to the sky, So up to the housetop the coursers they flew, With the sleigh full of toys and Saint Nicholas too. And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof The prancing and pawing of each little hoof: As I drew in my head and was turning around, Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound. He was dressed all in furs from his head to his foot, And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot. A bundle of Toys he had flung on his back, And he looked like a pedler just opening his pack: His eyes—how they twinkled! His dimples how merry! His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry! His droll little mouth was drawn up in a bow, And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow: The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth, And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath: He had a broad face and a little round belly, That shook when he laughed like a bowlful of jelly. He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf, And I laughed when I saw him in spite of myself: A wink of his eye and a twist of his head Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread: He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work, And filled all the stockings, then turned with a jerk, And laying his finger aside of his nose, And giving a nod up the chimney he rose. He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle, And away they all flew like the down of a thistle: But I heard him exclaim ere he drove out of sight, "Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night!"



## Little Folks Birthday Book

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 21.

"This is the day we celebrate."

Year.	Name and Address.	School.
1905	Walter Anderson, 2508 Davenport St.	Central
1906	Walter Anderson, 918 South 20th St.	Mason
1902	Mildred Booth, 2311 South 32d Ave.	Windsor
1899	Richard Bridenbecker, 106 South 35th Ave.	Farnam
1898	Ernest Carey, 812 South 32d St.	Beals
1898	Leslie E. Crawford, 2818 Woolworth Ave.	Park
1905	Omer Christian Drury, 2908 Poppleton Ave.	Pacific
1897	Paul Esslinger, 1111 Pacific St.	Pacific
1905	Nowad Farhat, 1124 South 13th St.	Pacific
1905	EH Feldman, 3124 California St.	Webster
1905	Dora Fiedler, 2614 Burdette St.	Long
1906	Eugene Flynn, 3725 Meredith Ave.	Saratoga
1900	Frederic James Hoffman, 4220 Burdette St.	Clifton Hill
1901	Nathan Jacob, 2029 North 19th St.	Lake
1901	Stella Johnson, 2820 Fort Omaha Ave.	Miller Park
1904	Walter E. Lindon, 4202 Ohio St.	Clifton Hill
1904	Ives Make, 2608 North 13th St.	Lake
1903	Leo Massey, 1623 Spencer St.	Sacred Heart
1898	Philip Miner, 2120 Douglas St.	Central
1899	Louise Morocco, 204 North 10th St.	Cass
1905	Lucile Elaine Murphy, 2046 North 21st St.	Lake
1905	Elizabeth Robison, 3523 Capitol Ave.	Central
1905	Laura Schroeder, 958 North 27th Ave.	Webster
1901	Margaret Shea, 1204 South 8th St.	Pacific
1896	Margaret Siegel, 2017 Chicago St.	Central
1899	Clarence Stock, 2510 Seward St.	Long
1900	Arthur M. Talmage, 608 South 35th Ave.	Columbian
1900	Lillian Van Epps, 4105 North 38th St.	Central Park

# Their Own Page

we are all looking forward to it with the greatest of pleasure, I know.

I am very proud of my little new kingdom of such faithful writers and of such obedient subjects, and I wish you the very happiest Christmas possible.

Your queen,  
HELEN ADKINS.

Poor Davy.

Madeline Kenyon, Aged 12, Blue Side, 229 Cuming Street, Omaha, Neb.

It was recess time at the village school. The bell had rung, and the children had run out into the bright sunshine with laughter and fun.

All but poor Davy. He came out last and very slowly, but he did not laugh. He was in trouble, and the bright, golden sunlight did not make him glad.

He walked across the yard and sat down on a stone behind the old maple. A little bird on the highest branch sang just to make him laugh.

But Davy did not notice it. He was thinking of the cruel words that had been said about his ragged clothes. The tears stole from his eyes and ran down his cheeks.

Poor Davy had no father, and his mother had to work hard to keep him at school.

That night he went home by the path that led across the fields and through the woods. He still felt sad.

Davy did not wish to trouble his mother, so he lingered a while among the trees, and at last threw himself on the green moss under them.

Just then his teacher came along. She saw who it was, and stopped, saying kindly: "What is the matter, Davy?" He did not speak, but the tears began again to start.

"Won't you tell me? Perhaps I can help you."

Then he told her all his trouble. When he ended she said, cheerily: "I have a plan, Davy, that I think will help you."

"Oh, what is it?" he asked, sitting up with a look of hope, while a tear fell upon a blue violet.

"Well, how would you like to be a little flower merchant?"

"And earn money?" said Davy. "That would be jolly. But where shall I get my flowers?"

"Right in these woods, and in the field," said his teacher. "Here are lovely blue violets, down by the brook are white ones, and among the rocks are ferns and mosses. Bring them all to my house and I will help you arrange them."

So day after day Davy hunted the woods for the prettiest flowers, and the most dainty ferns and mosses. After his teacher had helped to arrange them he took them to the city that was near and sold them.

He soon earned money enough to buy new clothes. Now the sunshine and the birds' songs make him glad.

A Violinist.

By Milton Rogers, Aged 14 Years, 3718 Dewey Avenue, Red Side.

A boy was sitting with his head on his knees sobbing. It was early evening and the lad was sobbing to himself. He was a tall, rather heavy set lad of about 19 years, and his features showed he was a Russian. He murmured: "Ah! a violin!" then again he sobbed, "fifteen

dollars." Suddenly someone sat down by him. The lad looked shyly up at a tall smooth faced man. The man spoke kindly. "Well my boy what is the trouble?" The boy was silent. "This will never do," said the man. "What is your name?" Through half stifled sobs he replied, "What-what's yours?" The man smiled. "Kenneth, John Kenneth."

"Mine's Paul, Paul, Realistic."

"Well Paul what's the trouble about?" asked the man. Paul's tear-stained face looked up. "Oh, Mr. Kenneth I want a violin and it cost \$15."

"Well Paul, do you think you would like to play, you know that you must study and be patient?"

"Oh! Mr. Kenneth if I owned a violin I would practice all day if I had to."

"Well Paul come with me, you see I can play a violin for I am a teacher."

So that is how Paul got his violin, by paying small payments each month he soon really owned it. Paul took a lesson from Mr. Kenneth every week, and no matter how hard the lesson was Paul always brought a perfect lesson.

### SHE DELIGHTS IN THE BUSY BEE PAGE.



Photo by Rhehart.

HELEN MITHEN.

"Suddenly someone sat down by him. The lad looked shyly up at a tall smooth faced man. The man spoke kindly. 'Well my boy what is the trouble?' The boy was silent. 'This will never do,' said the man. 'What is your name?' Through half stifled sobs he replied, 'What-what's yours?' The man smiled. 'Kenneth, John Kenneth.'"

"Mine's Paul, Paul, Realistic."

"Well Paul what's the trouble about?" asked the man. Paul's tear-stained face looked up. "Oh, Mr. Kenneth I want a violin and it cost \$15."

"Well Paul, do you think you would like to play, you know that you must study and be patient?"

"Oh! Mr. Kenneth if I owned a violin I would practice all day if I had to."

"Well Paul come with me, you see I can play a violin for I am a teacher."

So that is how Paul got his violin, by paying small payments each month he soon really owned it. Paul took a lesson from Mr. Kenneth every week, and no matter how hard the lesson was Paul always brought a perfect lesson.

No pupil improved as rapidly as Paul. For three years Paul took from Mr. Kenneth. Paul loved to hear and practice the violin, and when one evening Mr. Kenneth gave a concert. Paul, to his delight, played a number which pleased the audience greatly. That was Paul's start, now he is a teacher at 20, making still give lessons supporting his parents easily. He went to Europe for a year and took lessons there. Paul soon was Mr. Kenneth's right hand man. Paul still gives lessons supporting his parents, and praising his admired teacher who was really his salvation.

### A True Story.

By Agnes Hartnett, 201 Douglas Street, Omaha, Red Side.

It was a cold night in December when Mr. and Mrs. Brown went to bed with their 15-months-old baby.

About midnight they heard an awful scratching at the door. Mr. Brown took his gun and went to the door, because they lived in the woods and it might be some wild animal.

On opening the door Mr. Brown discovered a large St. Bernard dog. The dog would go up to Mr. Brown and then run away again, as if he wanted Mr. Brown to follow him.

So Mr. Brown followed the dog for about two miles when they came to a man lying dead in the snow. It was the dog's master.

They brought the dog's master home and buried him. Mr. Brown kept the dog with him, because he was so faithful to his master.

The following summer Mr. Brown's little girl went out to pick some flowers by a small pond near the house. As she was picking the flowers a big panther seized and took her up a tree. The dog, seeing the panther, rushed at him and the panther got so mad he dropped her in the pond and started to fight with the dog.

The little girl ran into the house to her mother. The dog killed the panther, but the panther had made so many wounds on him that he was streaming with blood when he ran into the house.

Mrs. Brown bathed his wounds and a few days later he received a collar with "Faithful" written on it in gold letters.

### Letter from Busy Bee.

By Volta Terrey, Aged 8 Years, Avoca, Ia., Blue Side.

Dear Busy Bees—I would like to join the Busy Bees club. I would like to join the Blue Side. I am in the fourth grade at school. My teacher's name is Miss Fredrickson. My birthday is January 31. I will write some stories about my pets. I hope to see my letter in print.

### Practical Enough.

Mr. Blake entered his office rather wearily one summer's morning, and in response to a cheery good-morning from his partner he growledly replied:

"I certainly had a shock last night. A young fellow telegraphed me he had married my youngest daughter at Grant's Rock."

"Heavens!" returned his partner. "Well, the only thing you can hope for now is that he may turn out to be a practical business man."

"Oh," interrupted the fond parent, "I guess he's practical enough. He sent his message 'Collect.'"—Lippincott's Magazine.

## Get this \$1.00 Gift for 25c For Your Boy for Christmas

What boy wouldn't prefer a baseball game for Christmas to anything else? It's the one game that appeals to all red-blooded youngsters. All other games are tame in comparison with it.



## The CHAMPION Baseball Game

is the most gripping, thrilling, exciting game ever devised.

Every play of the diamond is faithfully reproduced.

### It's the Best Game You Ever Saw!

It has taken the country by storm. Boys, men, women, girls, everywhere are playing it. So simple that as soon as you see it you know how to play it. Remember: The game is made as attractively and as durable as any one dollar game you ever bought.

### Come in and see it!

You will vote it the biggest value ever offered by a newspaper.

A regular \$1.00 Game for only 25c and Coupon

Get a Champion Baseball Game today—

### WHILE THEY LAST

Give It to Your Boy Christmas morning

This Coupon and 25c exchanged for the \$1.00 CHAMPION Base Ball Game at the Bee office, 103 Bee Bldg., Omaha, Neb. If wanted by mail send 5c for postage